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IN VACATION.

Damages.

A good story is told of a 'Frisco claim agent. An old colored aunty boarded a passenger train out of Jonesboro, Ark., with a ticket for a small flag station down the road, riding in the rear coach. The conductor overlooked her destination; and as the train was running through her station, aunty, discovering it, grabbed her bundle, ran to the rear platform and jumped from the train, alighting squarely on her head. Before the train could be stopped and backed to the place of her fall, aunty had reversed her position and hastened away to her cabin.

The alert and genial claim agent was notified, and at once sought out aunty in order to adjust matters before some rustling lawyer could see her. As he walked into her cabin, he smilingly said: "Aunty, are you much hurt?" "Now, you go long, boss! Dis nigger haint hurt any, but she's powerful 'barrassed," was the reply.

"Well, what damages do you want " was the query. "Now, see he'ar massa," said aunty, "Haint I been damaged 'nuff? What yo' want to damage this nigger mo' fur?"

An English Wit.

The following, told of Sir Robt. Romer, late of the English High Court of Appeal, are worthy of remembrance:

Some few years ago, in one of the legal journals there appeared some lines addressed to "Miss Equity," in which the writer, while admiring her beauty, described her principles as weak. "The Reply of Miss Equity," written by Sir Robert Romer, was as follows:—

My beauteous features you extol
Because I plainly show them;
My principles appear but weak
Because you do not know them.

In the Court of Appeal the three judges give judgment in the order of seniority. On one occasion, when he was the junior member of the Court, Lord Justice Romer said, "I agree," out of his turn. Lord Justice Rigby, who was the second member of the Court, was equally in agreement with the judgment that had been delivered by the late Master of the Rolls, but deemed it necessary to give at length his reasons for arriving at the same conclusion. "I still agree," quietly remarked Sir Robert Romer when his more voluble colleague brought his observations to a close.

A Lawyer's Love Letter.

Come, Chloris, come and let me haste
To look into those pleading eyes,
And blame thou not this arm that tries
To circle that permissive waist.

Come, enter an appearance ere
Time flies the statement of his claim,
And execution for the same
Do issue on thy golden hair.

To me thy heart's estate assign;
If thou produce no evidence
And dost abandon thy defense,
Then order XIV makes thee mine.

Feme covert I will render thee
Instead of feme sole as thou art,
And then thou shall possess my heart,
For mine and not pur auter vie.

In truth I want thee to demise
Thy heart on lease for life to me,
And covenant that the lessee
Will not assign until he dies.

This writ of my attachment may
Perchance endow my love with nerve,
And she may on my rivals serve
Notice to quit for Labor Day.

If but I dared interrogate,
Would she deliver a reply?
Reply, no doubt, but what if I
Were told my nuisance to abate?

What is the use of putting trust
In one whose autrefois acquit
Is pleaded to the felony
Of arson of my heart to dust?

Alas! that hope and black despair
Like cross-remainders intertwine.
The case is just upon the line;
What if at last the judges pair?